

AT THE END OF MY JOURNEY

Two shades of blue had been playing on my mind for months. I've had visions of a jetty where the end of it came to that very intersection of the two shades of blue on the horizon. One morning, very early, just before day break, I was walking along the lakes edge. Not far into my walk I stumbled across this very jetty, the one that appeared regularly in my dreams. The structure itself was old. The timber was a hard wood, probably some sort of Spotted Gum. Its' colour has faded to a soft grey. Small sections of the timber appear darker from water splashing on it.

"Hang on", I questioned myself. "Why and when did this jetty appear?" Thinking to myself, my dreams are becoming too real. "I'll wake soon and then go for my morning walk".

I have walked this path so many times before. This lonely path has been worn down from my many thousand footsteps over time. Footsteps that have taken me guided me through and defeated many of my demons. Breathing in the fresh air and listening to the water caressing the lakes edge has always helped in the removal of my demons and cleared my mind.

Remembering the many times I have stopped and leant over to splash water on my face and wash away tears, I did the same just now to wake myself up. Wooh.....it was cold and wet, this is no dream. Quietly, unsure, I continued to explore my new surrounds.

I stepped cautiously onto the jetty still not convinced it was real. Once I had both feet on the wooden floor planks, upright and comfortable that I wouldn't fall straight through into the water, I took a few steps forward. I began to relax a little and slowly walked towards the far end of this dreamlike jetty, one step at a time. The distance to the end was beyond my power of thought, I couldn't even conjure up a guess at how far it was out to the end.

I searched into that unknown distance with my eyes, looking through the grey hues of the early morning. Focusing on the jetty's end looking for a seat, a special seat I have seen in my dreams. A seat, right at the very end of the jetty, at that intersection of the two shades of blue. At this point I decided to continue my new unknown journey and headed for the end of the jetty.

I would stop at times during my walk and look at the water. I could see small visual pictures of my very own story. The lakes' surface was calm and the scenes were movie like. They were all the very memories I would consider to be warmly beautiful, excitingly funny and truly tender. Many and various parts of my life but no demons or bad memories at all.

The presence of time had disappeared, I now walked without fear to reach the end. In the distance I could see the seat that I had dreamt of. Then fear quickly came back, was this a dream within a dream. Where am I? What part of this is real and not real? Should I keep going or return back to the well trodden path of mine.

New journeys, what can I say, it's so hard to change direction from our old paths. We get so comfortable with what we call normal and become afraid when shown any deviation from that single minded way. Once you overcome your fears and start down a path, should you persevere and keep going even, if your fears reappear and become compounded. Should you struggle forward into the unknown or retreat back to the comfort of your yesterday.

I looked up and noticed the sun peeking over the horizon and the two shades of blue spoke to me with such intensity I forgot about my fears and continued on. I would have to say the sun's main colours this morning are sky blue and water blue. All of a sudden I was at the end of the jetty where the sky's reflection had merged into the water blue, it was one.

There was that seat, exactly as I had pictured. The seat's frame was quite old, but strong and sturdy. It was a metal frame and wooden slats as the seat and backrest. There were no signs of any paint, looks as if it has never been painted. Standing beside the seat, I asked, "Excuse me seat, if there is room, may I sit and join you for awhile".

"Take a seat, please join me, your journey has just begun". With that I took a deep breathe and sat quietly on the right side of the seat, the seat was big enough for two people.

'At first, while walking the length of the jetty I assumed this was that special time one comes to, at the end of their journey.' I thought. Not a word was spoken.

"Open your eyes, really open them and tell me what you see."

'They are open', I thought. I blinked my eye lashes open and closed several times, no change, still all the same. I closed my eyes, took another deep breathe, opened them and then they appeared. There were several more walkways, a continuation of the jetty leading off into different directions.

Was I at the end of my journey or starting anew?

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